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G H O S T.

B O O K IV.

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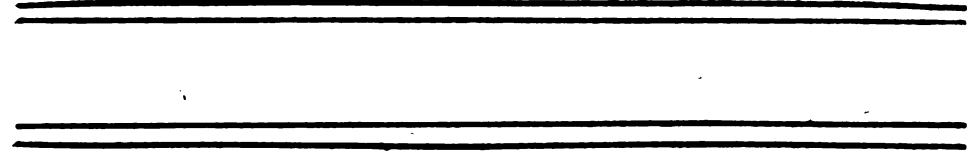
C. C H U R C H I L L.

L O N D O N :

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T H E

G H O S T.

B O O K IV.

*C*OXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wise*,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; They would not go
For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,

K k

Nor

Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *Pantomime*;
No, not at COVENT-GARDEN, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one play'r to second it,
They must, obeying *Folly's* call,
Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.

With these *grave* Fops, who (blest their brains)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wife man ought
For his own happiness to be,
Who, what they hear, and what they see,
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust, till REASON sets her seal,
And, by long trains of consequences
Enfur'd, gives Sanction to the *Senses*;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
One hour in what the World calls Taste,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry
Unless they know some reason why;

With

With these *grave* Fops, whose system seems
To give up Certainty for dreams,
The *Eye* of Man is understood
As for no other purpose good
Than as a door, thro' which of course
Their passage crouding objects force,
A downright Usher, to admit
New-Comers to the Court of *Wit*.
(Good GRAVITY, forbear thy spleen
When I say *Wit*, I *Wisdom* mean.)
Where (such the practice of the Court,
Which legal Precedents support)
Not one Idea is allow'd
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
But e're It can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the Chief in Congregation
Must stand a *strict Examination*.

Not such as *Those*, who PHYSIC twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,
Who prove, with all becoming State,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,

Prepar'd

Prepar'd with *Essence*, *Drop*, and *Pill*,
 To be another WARD, or HILL,
 Before they can obtain their Ends
 To sign Death-warrants for their Friends,
 And talents vast as their's employ,
Secundum Artem to destroy,
 Must pass (or Laws their rage restrain)
 Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
 Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroll'd,
 In *Pow'r* and *Lethargy* grown old,
 Most fit to take, in this blest Land,
 The reins which fell from WYNDHAM's hand,
 Her lawful throne great DULLNESS rears,
 Still more herself as more in Years;
 Where She (and who shall dare deny
 Her right, when REEVES and CHAUNCY's by)
 Calling to mind, in antient time,
 One GARTH who err'd in Wit and Rhime,
 Ordains from henceforth to admit
 None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
 And makes it her peculiar care
 That SCHOMBERG never shall be there.

Not

Not such as *Those*, whom FOLLY trains
 To Letters, tho' unblest'd with brains,
 Who, destitute of pow'r and will
 To learn, are kept to learning still;
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,
 Receive instruction from the tail,
 Because their Sires, a common case,
 Which brings the Children to disgrace,
 Imagine it a certain rule,
 They never could beget a Fool,
 Must pass, or must *compound for*, ere
 The *Chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
 Will give his *reverend Permit*,
 Announcing them for Orders fit,
 So that the Prelate (what's a Name?
 All Prelates now are much the same)
 May with a conscience safe and quiet,
 With holy hands lay on that *Fiat*,
 Which doth all faculties dispense,
All Sanctity, all Faith, all Sense,
 Makes MADAN quite a Saint appear,
 And makes an Oracle of CHEERE.

L I

Not

Not such as in that solemn seat,
Where the *nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of *ISIS* now prefer,
Nor will one hour from *OXFORD* stir,
Are held for form; which *BALAAM's Ass*
As well as *BALAAM's* self might pass,
And with his Master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the Fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the Storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why *Physic* and *Divinity*,
To the Surprise of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
OXFORD hath any thing to do;
But Men of nice and subtle Learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,

Thro'

Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That We a Method here have got,
To shew What is, by What is not,
And that our drift (*Parentthesis*
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
A certain *Lord Chief Justice* dwells
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom One and All,
With common Voice, We REASON call;
Tho', for the purposes of Satire,
A name in Truth is no great Matter,
JEFFERIES OR MANSFIELD, which You will,
It means a *Lord Chief Justice* still.
Here, so our great Projectors say,
The Senses all must homage pay,
Hither They all must tribute bring,
And prostrate fall before their King.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full state,
He on their merits holds debate,

Examines,

Examines, Cross-examines, Weighs
 Their right to censure or to praise ;
 Nor doth his equal voice depend
 On narrow Views of foe and friend,
 Nor can or flattery or force
 Divert him from his steady course ;
 The Channel of Enquiry's clear,
 No *sham Examination's* here.

He, upright Justicer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
 Adjusts and settles in a trice
 What Virtue is, and What is Vice,
 What is Perfection, what Defect,
 What we must chuse, and what reject ;
 He takes upon him to explain
 What Pleasure is, and what is Pain,
 Whilst We, obedient to the Whim,
 And resting all our faith on him,
 True Members of the *Stoic* weal,
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious System form'd, for Man
 To practise when and how he can,

If

If the five Senses in alliance
 To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
 And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
 Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
 Which they a greater flav'ry hold,
 Than Jewish Bondage was of old;
 Or if They, something touch'd with shame,
 Allow him to retain the name
 Of Royalty, and, as in Sport,
 To hold a mimic formal Court;
 Permitted, no uncommon thing,
 To be a kind of Puppet King,
 And suffer'd, by the way of toy,
 To hold a globe, but not employ;
 Our *System-mongers*, struck with fear,
 Prognosticate destruction near;
 All things to Anarchy must run;
 The little World of Man's undone.

Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest Sense,
 Neglect to send intelligence
 Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,
 Of all that passes in her sphere,

M m

Should

Should She presumptuous joy receive,
 Without the Understanding's leave,
 They deem it rank and daring Treason
 Against the Monarchy of REASON,
 Not thinking, tho' they're *wondrous* wife,
 That few have *Reason*, most have *Eyes*;
 So that the Pleasures of the Mind
 To a small circle are confin'd,
 Whilst those which to the Senses fall,
 Become the Property of All.
 Besides (and this is sure a Case
 Not much at present out of place)
 Where NATURE Reason doth deny,
 No Art can that defect supply,
 But if (for it is our intent
 Fairly to state the argument)
 A Man should want an eye or two,
 The Remedy is sure, tho' new;
 The Cure's at hand — no need of Fear —
 For proof — behold the CHEVALIER —
 As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
 To put Eyes in, as put them out.

But,

But, Argument apart, which tends
 T' embitter foes, and sep'rate friends,
 (Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
 Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,
 And foe of course to Reason's weal,
 Widen that breach I cannot heal)
 By his own Sense and Feelings taught,
 In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
 Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
 What's He to Me, or I to him?
 Might I, tho' never rob'd in *Ermine*,
 A matter of this weight determine,
 No Penalties should settled be
 To force men to Hypocrisy,
 To make them ape an awkward zeal,
 And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
 I would not have, might sentence rest
 Finally fix'd within my breast,
 E'en ANNET censur'd and confin'd,
 Because we're of a diff'rent mind.

NATURE, who in her act most free,
 Herself delights in Liberty,

Profuse

Profuse in Love, and, without bound,
 Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
 Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
 In double Portions on our head,
 We could not truly bounteous call,
 If FREEDOM did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way,
 Determin'd still, they plod along
 By Instinct, neither right nor wrong;
 But Man, had he the heart to use
 His Freedom, hath a right to chuse,
 Whether He acts or well, or ill,
 Depends entirely on his will;
 To her last work, her fav'rite Man,
 Is giv'n on NATURE'S better plan
 A Privilege in pow'r to *err*,
 Nor let this phrase resentment stir
 Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
 The little merit Man can plead
 In doing well, dependeth still
 Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions

Opinions should be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His Qualities, a claim can found
That my Opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let Those, who rigid Judgment own,
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
And if They of no value hold
Pleasure, till Pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull Subjects suited to their mind;
Their's be slow Wisdom; Be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's Reason for't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

N n

But

But if, by Error led astray,
 I chance to wander from my way,
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
 I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
 That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
 Who found disease, and not a cure,
 Nor can I hold that man a friend,
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
 To open happy Folly's eyes,
 And, making wretched, make me wise;
 For next, a Truth which can't admit
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
 To *being* happy here below,
 Is to *believe* that we are so.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
 I place my comfort in *belief*.
 Some for *Reality* may call,
 FANCY to me is All in All.
Imagination, thro' the trick
 Of Doctors, often makes us sick,
 And why, let any Sophist tell,
 May it not likewise make us well?

This

This am I sure, whate'er our view,
Whatever shadows we pursue,
For our pursuits, be what they will,
Are little more than shadows still,
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
For man to catch, or hold them long.
But Joys which in the FANCY live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himself, and true to ease,
He softens Fate's severe decrees,
And (can a Mortal wish for more?)
Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
Mocks boasted vain *Reality*,
And *Is*, whate'er, he wants to Be.

Hail, FANCY—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,
To Thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large encrease of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,

A

A *knave's* guard, ordain'd by Law
 To keep *poor Honesty* in awe ;
Authority, severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return ;
 When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
 And Laughter seiz'd each sober fool ;
 When Candour started in amaze,
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise ;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise ;
 When All around Me, with an air
 Of hopeless Sorrow, look'd Despair,
 When They or said, or seem'd to say,
 There is but one, one only way ;
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all, than to be thus ;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to chear,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear ;
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of Pleasure speaking in her face,
 Dull Regularity thrown by,
 And Comfort beaming from her eye,

FANCY,

FANCY, in richest robes array'd,
 Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
 And, more to bless me, came in *Rhime*.

Nor is her Pow'r to Me confin'd,
 It spreads, It comprehends Mankind.

When (to the Spirit-stirring sound
 Of Trumpets breathing Courage round,
 And Fifes, well mingled to restrain,
 And bring that Courage down again,
 Or to the melancholy knell
 Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
 Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
 Muffled, to mortify the pride
 Of those, who, ENGLAND quite forgot,
 Paid their vile homage to the SCOT,
 Where ASGILL held the foremost place,
 Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
 Whether They are of Stage or State)
 Move on, so very very slow,
 'Tis doubtful if they move or no ;

O o

When

When the Performers all the while
 Mechanically frown or smile,
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
 A vacancy of Sense declare,
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
 Into a Labyrinth of Thought,
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
 And, once got in, cannot get out;
 What cause sufficient can we find
 To satisfy a thinking mind,
 Why, dup'd by such vain farces, Man
 Descends to act on such a plan?
 Why They, who hold themselves divine,
 Can in such wretched follies join,
 Strutting like Peacocks, or like Crows,
Themselves and *Nature* to expose?
 What Cause, but that (you'll understand
 We have our Remedy at hand,
 That if perchance we start a doubt,
 Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
 As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,
 Whether for Profit, Fame, or Whim,
 Or mere experiment to try,
 Must always have a *Styptic* by)

FANCY

FANCY steps in, and stamps that *real*,
Which, *ipso facto*, is *Ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
All must remember that rare show,
When to the Country SENSE went down,
And Fools came flocking up to Town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knightbood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parsons* play'd,
In robes *Canonical* array'd,
And, Fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of Tickets to advance;
Or, unto Tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from Booth to Booth about,
To ev'ry Scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of Beef and Ale,
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For present grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it Out;
When, by the *prudent Marshal's* care,
Left the rude populace should stare,

And

And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay Puppets of Patrician strain,
The whole Procession, as in spite,
Unheard, unseen, stole off by Night ;
When our Lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that sacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements spring
Betwixt the *Subject*, and the *King*,
By which, in usual manner crown'd,
His *Head*, his *Heart*, his *Hands* he bound,
Against *himself*, should Passion stir
The least Propensity to err,
Against all *Slaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden snare,
That *glorious* CHARTER to maintain,
By which We serve, and He must reign ;
Then FANCY, with unbounded sway,
Revell'd sole Mistress of the day,
And wrought such wonders, as might make
Egyptian Sorcerers forsake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The Palm of *Magic* Her's alone.

A KNIGHT (who in the filken lap
 Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on Pap,
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
 Nor even that, unless a *Guide*
 Was plac'd to amble by his side,
 And troops of Slaves were spread around
 To keep his Honour safe and sound,
 Who could not suffer for his life
 A Point to sword, or Edge to knife,
 And always fainted at the sight
 Of Blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight,
 Who disinherited one Son
 For firing off an *Elder* Gun,
 And whipt another, six years old,
 Because the Boy, presumptuous, bold
 To Madness, likely to become
 A very Swift, had beat a drum,
 Tho' it appear'd an instrument
 Most *peaceable* and *innocent*,
 Having from first been in the hands
 And service of the *City Bands*)
 Grac'd with those ensigns, which were meant
 To further Honour's dread intent,

P p

The

The Minds of Warriors to inflame,
 And spur them on to deeds of Fame,
 With little Sword, large Spurs, high Feather,
 Fearless of ev'ry thing but Weather,
 (And all must own, who pay regard
 To Charity, it had been hard
 That in his very first *Campaign*
 His *Honours* should be foil'd with rain)
 A Hero all at once became,
 And (seeing others much the same
 In point of Valour as himself,
 Who leave their Courage on a shelf
 From Year to Year, till some such rout
 In proper season calls it out)
 Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
 Than ever Hero did before,
 Look'd up, Look'd down, Look'd all around,
 Like MAJORS, grimly smil'd and frown'd,
 Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
 To fight, that he might rout them all,
 And personated Valour's style
 So long, Spectators to beguile,
 That passing strange, and wondrous true,
 Himself at last believ'd it too,

Nor

Nor for a time could he discern
Till Truth and Darkness took their turn,
So well did FANCY play her part,
That Coward still was at the heart.

WHIFFLE (who knows not WHIFFLE's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded first, thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illustrious band ?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern HERCULES at least,
To rid the world of each wild beast,
Of each wild beast which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the *Parade* of Love,
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the Distaff quits the sword ;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, let's them know
How little they can trust to show ;

Who

Who sports a Woman, as of course,
 Just as a Jockey shews a horse,
 And then returns her to the stable,
 Or vainly plants her at his table,
 Where he would rather VENUS find,
 (So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
 Than, by some great occasion led,
 To seize Her panting in her bed,
 Burning with more than mortal fires,
 And melting in her own desires;
 Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
 Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling, wild;
 Whate'er in others, who proceed
 As Sense and Nature have decreed,
 From real passion flows, in him
 Is mere effect of mode and whim;
 Who Laughs, a very common way,
 Because he nothing has to say,
 As your *choice* SPIRITS oaths dispense
 To fill up vacancies of Sense;
 Who, having some small Sense, defies it,
 Or, using, always misapplies it;
 Who now and then brings something forth,
 Which seems indeed of Sterling Worth,

Some-

Something, by sudden Start and Fit,
Which at a distance looks like wit,
But, on Examination near,
To his confusion will appear
By Truth's fair glass, to be at best
A Threadbare Jester's threadbare jest ;
Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
Sings without voice, rides without feat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's As,
A *gratis* fool to all who pass ;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
Acts without sense, talks without thought,
Does every thing but what he ought,
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of Vice, is Vicious, who one hour,
Proud without Pride, the next will be
Humble without Humility ;
Whose Vanity we all discern,
The Spring on which his actions turn ;
Whose aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be singular,
And all his utmost wishes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen.

Qq

Such

Such (for when FLATT'RY's soothing strain
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
 And found a method to persuade
 Her art, to soften ev'ry shade,
 JUSTICE enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
 Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
 From life this striking likeness caught)
 In Mind, in Manners, and in Mien,
Such WHIFFLE came, and such was seen
 In the World's eye, but (strange to tell!)
 Missed by FANCY's magic spell,
 Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
 Was more than human in his own.
 O bow, bow All at FANCY's throne,
 Whose Pow'r could make so vile an Elf,
 With Patience bear that thing, *himself*.

But, Mistress of each art to please,
 Creative FANCY, what are these,
These Pageants of a trifler's Pen,
 To what thy Pow'r effected then?

Familiar

Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
FANCY at *once* in ev'ry part
Possess'd the Eye, the Head, the Heart,
And in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a Face which well might ask
The Privilege to wear a mask
In spite of Law, and Justice teach
For public good t'excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt Eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like Centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like Soldiers, in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of Law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall,

Which,

Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
 Is now become a *Justice-shop*)
 Which are so manag'd, to go out
 Just when the time comes round about,
 Which yet thro' emulation strive
 'To keep their dying light alive,
 And (not uncommon, as we find,
 Amongst the children of mankind)
 As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,
 And burn a little, little longer;
 FANCY, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
 No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
 Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
 Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
 And, hardly credible in Rhime,
 Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time.
 The Face, of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
 Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
 Down the Neck ringlets spread their flame,
 The Neck admiring whence they came;
 On the Arch'd Brow the *Graces* play'd;
 On the full Bosom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
 Became for Eyes a supplement;

Teeth,

Teeth, white as ever Teeth were seen
 Deliver'd from the hand of GREEN,
 Started, in regular array,
 Like Train-Bands on a grand Field-day,
 Into the Gums, which would have fled,
 But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
 And Lady ——— was fifteen.

Here She made lordly temples rise
 Before the pious DASHWOOD's eyes,
 Temples which built aloft in air,
 May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
 In solemn form Herself, before,
 Array'd like *Faith*, the Bible bore.
There, over MELCOMB's feather'd head,
 Who, quite a man of Gingerbread,
 Savour'd in talk, in drefs, and phyzz,
 More of another World than this,
 To a *dwarf Muse a Giant Page*,
 The last grave Fop of the last Age,
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with Verse,

R r

Which;

Which, to Beholders from afar,
 Appear'd like a triumphal Car,
 She rode, in a *cast* Rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
 Naked, as when (in those drear Cells
 Where, *Self-blest'd, Self-curs'd, MADNESS* dwells),
 PLEASURE, on whom, in *Laughter's* shape,
 FRENZY had perfected a rape,
 First brought her forth, before her time,
 Wild Witness of her shame and crime,
 Driving before an Idol band
 Of driv'ling STUARTS, hand in hand,
 Some, who to curse Mankind, had Wore
 A Crown they ne'er must think of more,
 Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
 With Paper Crowns, and Toys of Paste,
 She Jigg'd, and playing on the Flute,
 Spread raptures o'er the soul of BUTE.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
 Which wrought the busy soul of man
 To her full bent, the CIVIL LAW,
 Fit *Code* to keep a world in awe,

Bound

Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewish Frontlets* were of old,
The famous CHARTER of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of Heroes walk'd,
Whom best He lov'd, of Heroes crown'd,
By TORIES guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
He saw the honours of his race,
He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
Of such a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant Jade,
A Shrew, like ev'ry other Maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.

Her

Her Tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The Husband suffers for the Wife,
So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor Culprit Bards must always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuse
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a Father will provide
To join a Bridegroom and a Bride,
As if, tho' they must be the Play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *Politics* appears ;
Time was, and, if I ought discern
Of Fate, that Time shall soon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at least,
As grave and dull as any Priest,

I could

I could see *Vice* in robes array'd,
 Could see the game of *Folly* play'd
 Successfully in Fortune's school,
 Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
 Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
 I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
 Scoundrels in Office, and would bow
 To Cyphers great in place; but now
 Upright I stand, as if wife Fate,
 To compliment a shatter'd state,
 Had me, like *ATLAS*, hither sent
 To shoulder up the firmament,
 And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
 The Heavens would tumble from my back;
 Time was, when rank and situation
 Secur'd the great Ones of the Nation
 From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
 Kept only little Knaves in awe,
 But now, *Decorum* lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a Pencil in my hand,
 And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
 Careless of Safety and of Fame,
 The names of Scoundrels minute down,
 And Libel more than half the Town.

How can a Statesman be secure
In all his Villanies, if poor
And dirty Authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time,
In dressing out the Poet's rhyme
With Bills and Ribbands, and array
Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
When the hot burning Fit is on,
They should regale their restless Son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian Beverage,
Or some such draught (tho' *They*, 'tis plain,
Taking the *Muses* name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a WHITEHEAD'S *Ode* go down,
Or flakes the *Feverette* of *Brown*:
But who would in his Senses think
Of *Muses* Giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly should afford
To raving Poets Gun or Sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of State,

Nor

Nor should (if we may speak our thought
 Truly as men of Honour ought)
 Sound Policy their rage admit,
 To Launch the thunderbolts of Wit
 About those heads, which, when they're shot,
 Cant't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.

These things well known, what Devil in spite
 Can have seduc'd me thus to write
 Out of that road, which must have led
 To riches, without heart or head,
 Into that road, which, had I more
 Than ever Poet had before,
 Of Wit and Virtue, in disgrace
 Would keep me still, and out of place,
 Which, if some *Judge* (You'll understand
 One famous, famous thro' the land
 For *making* Law) should stand my friend,
 At last may in a Pill'ry end,
 And all this, I myself admit,
 Without one cause to lead to it.—

For instance now—this book—the GHOST—
 Methinks I hear some Critic Post

Remark

Remark most gravely—"The first word
Which we about the Ghost have heard."

Peace my good Sir—not quite so fast—
What is the first, may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on You or Me.

FANNY, no Ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd,
To keep her state, and shew her skill,
She never comes but when she will.

I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)

But still I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me with equal justice fall,
If She had never come at all.

An Underling, I could not stir
Without the Cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until She came, and gave me leave.

So that (Ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a supposition,

Nor

Nor would I to so wise a nation
 Suggest it as a *Revelation*)
 If henceforth dully turning o'er
 Page after Page, Ye read no more
 Of FANNY, who, in Sea or Air,
 May be departed God knows where,
 Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
 No censure can be laid on me,
 For sure (the cause let MANSFIELD try)
 FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
 A secret worth its weight in gold
 To those who write, as I write now,
 Not to mind where they go, or how,
 Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
 Make it but worth the Reader's while,
 And keep a passage fair and plain
 Always to bring him back again.
 Thro' dirt, who scruples to approach,
 At pleasure's call, to take a coach,
 But we should think the man a clown
 Who in the dirt should set us down?

T t

But

But to return—if WIT, who ne'er
 The shackles of restrain could bear,
 In wayward humour should refuse
 Her timely succour to the *Muse*,
 And to no rules and orders tied
 Roughly deny to be her guide,
 She must renounce *Decorum's* plan,
 And get back when, and how she can,
 As *Parsons*, who, without pretext,
 As soon as mention'd, quit their text,
 And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,
 Grope in the dark for half an hour,
 Give no more Reason (for we know
 Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
 Why they come back (should it befall
 That ever they come back at all)
 Into the road, to end their rout,
 Than they can give Why they went out.

But to return—this Book—the Ghost—
 A mere amusement at the most,
 A trifle, fit to wear away
 The horrors of a rainy day,

A flight

A flight shot filk, for summer wear,
Just as our modern Statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the Wit
Of him, who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
With Mirth to *sugar* ev'ry line,
Where it should all be mere *Cbit Chat*,
Lively, Good-humour'd, and *all that*,
Where *honest* SATIRE, in disgrace,
Should not so much as shew her face,
The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *Science, Trade, and Politics*.

But why should the distemper'd Scold
Attempt to blacken Men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
Can twist an Empire to their will,
Whose Voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, Liberty, and Life are hung,

Whom,

Whom, on enquiry, Truth shall find,
 With STUARTS *link'd*, time out of mind
 Superior to their Country's Laws,
 Defenders of a Tyrant's cause,
 Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
 Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
 The end which they had first in view,
 And, force found vain, now play their part
 With much less Honour, much more Art?
 Why, at the corners of the Streets,
 To ev'ry Patriot drudge She meets,
 Known or unknown, with furious cry
 Should She wild clamours vent, or why,
 The minds of *Groundlings* to enflame,
 A DASHWOOD, BUTE, and WYNDHAM name?
 Why, having not to our surprize
 The fear of death before her Eyes,
 Bearing, and that but now and then,
 No other weapon but her pen,
 Should She an argument afford
 For blood, to Men who *wear a sword*,
 Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
 A point of HONOUR to a hair,

(HONOUR

(HONOUR—a Word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a Court,
Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels
Dangling, and rattling with his Seals—
HONOUR—a Word, which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
HONOUR—a Word which torture mocks
And might confound a thousand LOCKES—
Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What HONOUR *is*, on their Wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their Way,
And this we sure may dare to say
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, Law, Honesty, or Sense)
Men, who all Spirit, Life, and Soul,
Neat Butchers of a *Button-hole*,
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too,
Men, who without a place or name,
Their Fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the Sword new Fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than starve?

U u

At

At *Coronations*, a vast field
 Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
 Of good sound food, at once most fit
 For purposes of health and wit,
 Could not ambitious SATIRE rest,
 Content with what she might digest;
 Could she not feast on things of course,
 A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horse*;
 A Champion's *horse* — no, better say,
 Tho' better figur'd on that day —
 A *horse*, which might appear to us,
 Who deal in rhyme, a PEGASUS,
 A *Rider*, who, when once got on,
 Might pass for a BELLEROPHON,
 Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
 To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
 To witch, with wand instead of whip,
 The world with *noble* horsemanship,
 To twist and twine, both Horse and Man,
 On such a well-concerted plan,
 That, *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
 We scarce could think they were not one?
 Could She not to our itching ears
 Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* Peers,

Who

Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot,
Than robes of Honour, for whose sake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find,
Great Predecessors to their mind?
Could She not (tho' 'tis doubtful since
Whether He *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a simple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*,
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And ROBINSON was AQUITAIN,
Tell how our City-Chiefs, disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd,
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive,
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with City Appetites,
Of all those Canons, which we find
By *Gluttony*, time out of mind,
Establish'd; which they ever hold,
Dearer than any thing but Gold?

Thanks

Thanks to my Stars — I now see shore —
 Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more —
 Thus stumbling on my City Friends,
 Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends
 In line direct, and shall pursue
 The point which I had first in view,
 Nor more shall with the Reader sport
 Till I have seen him safe in port.
 Hush'd be each fear — no more I bear
 Thro' the wide regions of the air
 The Reader terrified, no more
 Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
 Be the plain track from henceforth mine —
Cross-roads to ALLEN I resign,
 ALLEN, the honour of this nation,
 ALLEN, himself a *Corporation*,
 ALLEN, of late notorious grown
 For writings none, or all his own,
 ALLEN, the first of *letter'd* men,
 Since the *good* Bishop holds his pen,
 And at his elbow takes his stand
 To mend his head, and guide his hand.
 But hold — once more *Digression* hence —
 Let us return to *Common-Sense*,

The

The Car of PHOEBUS I discharge;
My Carriage now a LORD-MAYOR's *Barge*.

Suppose we now—we may suppose
In Verse, what would be Sin in Prose—
The Sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed,
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside,
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art,
Desire triumphant thro' the Night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight,
Chastity, Woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of Morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the Night,
Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at COTTRELL's door,
Precaution trudging all about
To see the Candles safely out,

X x

Bearing

Bearing a mighty *Master-Key*,
 Habited like *Oeconomy*,
 Stamping each lock with triple seals,
 Mean AV'RICE creeping at her heels.

Suppose we too, like sheep in Pen,
 The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
 Within their barge, which, thro' the deep,
 The Rowers more than half asleep,
 Mov'd slow, as over-charg'd with State;
 THAMES groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
 And felt that *bawble* heavier far
 Than a whole fleet of men of war.
 SLEEP o'er each well-known faithful head,
 With lib'ral hand his Poppies shed,
 Each head, by DULLNESS rend'ed fit
 SLEEP and his Empire to admit.
 Thro' the whole passage not a word,
 Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;
 SLEEP had prevail'd to overwhelm
 The Steersman nodding o'er the helm;
 The Rower, without force or skill,
 Left the dull Barge to drive at will;

The

The sluggish Oars suspended hung,
 And even BEARDMORE held his *tongue*.
 COMMERCE, regardful of a freight,
 On which depended half her *State*,
 Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
 She safely clear'd that bank of Sand,
 Where, stranded, our West-Country Fleet
 Delay and Danger often meet ;
 Till NEPTUNE, anxious for the trade,
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid ;
 Next (for the Muses can survey
 Objects by Night as well as day,
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,
 Darkness and Light to them the same)
 They pass that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was design'd to hold,
 At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
 A Palace turn'd into a den,
 To Barracks turn'd, and Soldiers tread
 Where *Dowagers* have laid their head ;
 Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,
 Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,
 All fitted out with *hum* and *ba*,
 In proper form to drawl out Law,

To

To see all causes duly tried
'Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
What of the *Temple* dare we say?
A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the Breth'ren of the seas
For *fares*, the Lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made
To serve the purposes of trade,
In the great Mart of all this Nation,
By stopping up the Navigation,
And to that Sand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of Sense,
But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till PATERSON, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as filk,
In solemn manner had decreed,
That, on the other side the TWEED,
ART, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one MYLNE, a man unknown,

But

But grace, preferment, and renown
 Deserving, just arriv'd in town ;
 One MYLNE, an Artist perfect quite,
 Both in his own, and country's right,
 As fit to make a bridge, as He,
 With glorious *Patavinity*,
 To build inscriptions, worthy found
 To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,
 Was this a season to pursue
 The theme, Our Muse might tell in rhyme ;
 The Will She hath, but not the time ;
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
 (And when a Goddess comes, we know,
 Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
 And boats want neither oar, nor sail)
 The Vessel past, and reach'd the shore
 So quick, that Thought was scarce before.

Suppose we now our *City-Court*
 Safely deliver'd at the port,
 And, of their State regardless quite,
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night ;

Y y

The

The solemn Magistrate laid down,
 The dignity of robe and gown
 With ev'ry other ensign gone ;
 Suppose the woollen Night-Cap on ;
 The *Fleß-bruß* us'd with decent state
 To make the Spirits circulate,
 (A form, which to the Senses true,
 The liq'rish Chaplain uses too,
 Tho', something to improve the plan,
 He takes the Maid instead of Man)
 Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
 To shew the vigour of threescore,
 The vigour of threescore and ten
 Above the proof of younger men,
 Suppose the mighty DULLMAN led
 Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed ;
 Suppose, the moment he lies down,
 No miracle in this great town,
 The Drone as fast asleep, as He
 Must in the course of Nature be,
 Who, truth for our foundation take,
 When up, is never half awake.

There

There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-Pride by *City-Pride* outdone.

The jealous Mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That Daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.

The *Wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
Struts in some Spendthrift's vain array;
Around his aukward doxy shine
The treasures of GOLCONDA's mine,
Each Neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments, well-fav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-fav'd, which first were made,
When Taylors, to promote their trade,

Against

Against the *Piēts* in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like Names, and Titles, which descend
Successively from Sire to Son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of Note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this Solemnity, to void
That scent, which RUSSIA's leather gave,
From vile and impious Moth to save.

Each head was busy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about
The Servants put each other out,
Till the grave Master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed;
Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet dos'd,

The

The *Waiting-Maid*, whom Story notes
 A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
 Hir'd for one Work, but doing all,
 In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
 Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-bar*,
 Strictly commanded to import
 Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
 With labour'd visible design
 ART strove to be *superbly* fine,
 NATURE, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
 Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
 And cried, with spirited disdain,
 Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
 A welcome prelude to the feast,
 In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
 High in a Car by VULCAN made,
 Who work'd for Jove himself, each Steed
 High-mettled, of celestial breed,
 Pawing and Pacing all the way,
 AURORA brought the wish'd-for day,

Z z

And

And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the SUN.

The Trumpet—hark! it speaks—It swells
The loud full harmony, It tells
The time at hand, when DULLMAN, led
By form, his Citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.

From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the Signal and obey,
But DULLMAN, who, his charge forgot,
By MORPHEUS fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any Trumpet, but the last.

CRAPE, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,
Then, in the Spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at DULLMAN's side.

Thrice

Thrice did the ever-faithful Slave,
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
 And broke death's adamantine chain,
 On DULLMAN call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
 The THEBAN Boxer curse his trade,
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
 And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
 What could be done? where force hath fail'd,
 Policy often hath prevail'd,
 And what, an inference most plain,
 Had been, CRAPE thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind
 The Proverb kept, *fast bind, fast find*)
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,
 Which CRAPE to draw away assay'd.
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
 Quick started He with stupid stare,
 For all his little Soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
 In Elbow-Chair, and Morning-Gown;

Behold

Behold him, in his latter bloom,
 Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
 Behold him bending with the weight
 Of Robes, and trumpery of State;
 Behold him (for the Maxim's true,
 Whate'er we by another do,
 We do ourselves, and Chaplain paid,
 Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,
 Had mutter'd over God knows what,
 Something which he by heart had got)
 Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
 Go *titter, totter*, to the stairs;
 Behold him for descent prepare,
 With one foot trembling in the air;
 He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,
 And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;
 Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
 The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
 At once, as with infection caught,
 Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
 He turns, and they turn; big with care,
 He waddles to his Elbow-Chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
 At last with CRAPE begins to reason;

But

But first of all he made a sign
That ev'ry soul, but the *Divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repose.

CRAPE—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful step I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, observe me still,
I mean not those who well, or ill
Perhaps may wish me, but those who
Have't in their pow'r to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the State,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, CRAPE,
Deserving praise, into a scrape
I, like a Fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a Wise Man, should get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I say that to get out is wise,
Or, by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a Fool;

A a a

The

The marrow of this argument
 Must wholly rest on the event,
 And therefore, which is really hard,
 Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they *stand*,
 And BUTE prevail thro' all the land
 Without a rival, by his aid,
 My fortunes in a trice are made ;
 Nay, Honours on my zeal may smile,
 And stamp me Earl of some great Isle ;
 But if, a matter of much doubt,
 The present Minister goes out,
 Fain would I know on what pretext
 I can stand fairly with the next ?
 For as my aim at ev'ry hour
 Is to be well with those in pow'r,
 And my material point of view,
 Whoever's in, to be in too,
 I should not, like a blockhead, chuse
 To gain *these* so as *those* to lose ;
 'Tis good in ev'ry case, You know,
 To have two strings unto our bow.

As

As one in wonder lost, CRAPE view'd
His Lord, who thus his speech pursued.

This, my good CRAPE, is my grand point,
And, as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt,
The matter in dispute, You know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy task—The *Rev'rend* Slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fixt to the ground, and rooted stood,
Just like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we see (without the least
Reflexion glancing on the Priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in ev'ry Church in town;
He stood some minutes, then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, shook his head,
And thus the man of Sorrow said :

Hard

Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
 By much too hard for me to bear,
 Beyond expression hard my part,
 Could mighty DULLMAN see my heart,
 When He, alas! makes known a will,
 Which CRAPE's not able to fulfil.
 Was ever my obedience barr'd
 By any trifling nice regard
 To Sense and Honour? could I reach
 Thy meaning without help of speech,
 At the first motion of thy eye
 Did not thy faithful creature fly?
 Have I not said, not what I ought,
 But what my earthly Master taught?
 Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
 Did ever Int'rest, to whom Thou
 Can'st not with more devotion bow,
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
 In contradiction run to thine?
 Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
 When business call'd aloud for haste,
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard
 To utter one complaining word,

And

And had, till thy great work was done,
 All appetites, as having none?
 Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
 Of Voluntary servitude,
 Pursued, without or shame or fear,
 Thro' the great circle of the Year,
 Now to receive, in this grand hour,
 Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,
 Commands which baffle all my skill,
 And leave me nothing but my will:
 Be that accepted; let my Lord
 Indulgence to his slave afford;
 This Task, for my poor strength unfit,
 Will yield to none but DULLMAN's wit.

With such gross incense gratified,
 And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor CRAPE—and shook his empty head—
Poor puzzled CRAPE, wife DULLMAN said,
 Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
 For things of lower note design'd,
 For things within the vulgar reach,
 To run *of* errands, and to preach,

B b b

Well

Well haft Thou judg'd, that heads like mine
 Cannot want help from heads like thine;
 Well haft Thou judg'd thyself unmeet
 Of fuch high argument to treat;
 'Twas but to try thee that I fpoke,
 And all I faid was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, C R A P E, a difgrace
 Or to my Perfon, or my place;
 The wifeft of the Sons of Men
 Have deign'd to ufe them now and then.
 The only caution, do You fee,
 Demanded by our dignity,
 From common ufe and men exempt,
 Is that they may not breed contempt.
 Great Ufe they have, when in the hands
 Of One, like me, who underftands,
 Who underftands the time, and place,
 The perfons, manner, and the grace,
 Which Fools neglect; fo that we find,
 If all the requifites are join'd
 From whence a perfect joke muft fpring,
 A joke's a very ferious thing.

But

But to our business — my design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my Capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which, like Broad-Cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Ay, and those men of Genius too,
Good Men, who, without Love or Hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point — so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the Infidels at Court,
Who make our City Wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that DULLMAN bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends ;

Would

Would lend a wife, who, they might swear
 Safely, was none the worse for wear;
 Would see a Daughter, yet a maid,
 Into a Statesman's arms betray'd,
 Nay, should the Girl prove coy, nor know
 What Daughters to a Father owe,
 Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
 Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
 Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
 Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
 Would ev'ry petty band forget;
 To public eye be with *one* set,
 In private with a *second* herd,
 And be by Proxy with a *third*;
 Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
 The other day—her name is fled—
 In a book (where, together bound,
 WHITTINGTON and his CAT I found,
 A tale most true, and free from art,
 Which all LORD-MAYORS should have by heart)
 A *Queen* (O might those days begin
 Afresh when Queens would learn to spin)
 Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot,
 The cause of which I've now forgot,

During

During the absence of the Sun
Undid, what She by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by Day, by Night unfwear.

Such be their Arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance :
From a new system *mine* shall spring,
A LOCUM-TENENS is the thing.
That's your true Plan — to obligate
The present Ministers of State,
My *Shadow* shall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*,
My *fine State-Coach*, superb to view,
A fine State-Coach, and paid for too ;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of those who're out of place,
In the mean time *I* — that's to say —
I proper, *I* myself — *here* stay.

But hold — perhaps unto the Nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my Coach may seem to be
Declaring for the Ministry,

C c c

For

For where the City-Coach is, there
Is the true essence of the MAYOR.
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst Fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No *Coach* — a *Horse* — and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side,
Then for a *Horse* — thro' all the land,
To head our solemn City-band,
Can any one so fit be found,
As He, who in *Artillery-ground*,
Without a Rider, noble Sight,
Led on our bravest troops to fight.

But first, CRAPE, for my Honour's sake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *Horse*, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit.
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of Justice) whether *Horse* or *Man*

The

The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That Pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, *Pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint Judges over-awe
To bias the free course of Law.

. You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, CRAPE, You must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here ;
Here shall great DULLMAN sit alone,
Making this Elbow-Chair my throne,
And, You performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

CRAPE heard, and speeded on his way ;
With him to hear was to obey ;
Not without trouble be assur'd,
A proper Proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a Lord to represent,
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other side of *London-wall*.

The

The trumpet sounds—solemn and flow
 Behold the grand Proceſſion go,
 All moving on, Cat after kind,
 As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.

Conſtables, whom the Laws admit
 To keep the Peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the ſecond place
 By virtue of a ſilver mace,
 Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
 For uſe of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treafurers, who with empty key
 Secure an empty Treafury;
Churchwardens, who their courſe purſue
 In the ſame ſtate, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
 Since PEIRSON taught them pride and ſhow,
 Who in ſhort tranſient pomp appear,
 Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
 Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
 CHARITY carries the *Poor's Box*,
 Not knowing that with private keys
 They ope and ſhut it when they pleaſe,

Overſeers,

Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor ;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like Beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Professor* SHERIDAN ;
A Man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal Machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher AMMON'S Son,
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occasions next the Chair
He stands for service of the MAYOR,
And to instruct him how to use
His *A's*, and *B's*, and *P's*, and *Q's*.
O'er *Letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *Syllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *Words* disjointed, and o'er *Sense*
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Cribs-Cross-Rows*.

D d d

Before

Before him ev'ry *Consonant*
 In agonies is seen to pant ;
 Behind, in forms not to be known,
 The Ghosts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next HART and DUKE, well worthy grace
 And City favour, came in place.
 No Children can their toils engage,
 Their toils are turn'd to Rev'rend Age.
 When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
 Resolv'd, is wed to City Spouse,
 Their aid with *Madam's* aid must join
 The aukward Dotard to refine,
 And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
 Each bore in hand a Kit, and each
 To shew how fit he was to teach
 A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
 Led in a string a *dancing Bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
 Custom, and Custom's all in all,
 Commands that we should have regard,
 On all high seasons, to the *Bard*.

Great

Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty LOCKMAN came,
And, ne'er forgot in DULLMAN's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *Uniformity* of Pride,
Brought *Brother* WHITEHEAD by his side.

On Horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great DYMCK, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not so our *City* DYMCK came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame,
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty *Dray-horse* doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride,

Nor

Nor find a Man, with strictest care,
 So fit for such a horse to bear.
 Hung round with instruments of death,
 The sight of him would stop the breath
 Of braggart Cowardice, and make
 The very *Court-Drawcanfir* quake.
 With *Durks*, which, in the hands of Spite,
 Do their damn'd business in the Night;
 From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd
 Only to fill up the Parade;
 With *Swords*, unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
 Which Rage or Valour never drew;
 With *Blunderbusses*, taught to ride,
 Like *Pocket-Pistols*, by his side,
 In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
 A little moving *Armory*.
 One thing much wanting to complete
 The sight, and make a perfect treat,
 Was that the Horse (a Courtesy
 In Horses found of high degree)
 Instead of going *forward* on,
 All the way *backward* should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
 Some Scruple make to turn their back,

Tho'

Tho' Riders, which plain Truth declares,
No scruple make of Turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The *independent* (can you get
A better suited Epithet)
The *independent* AMYAND came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slav'ry grows.
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of Mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the House-top,
Or like Himself, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of Interest, and Common-Sense;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
The *Left*-hand had been lonesome quite,
If He had not held up the *right*,

E c e

Apart

Apart He came, and fix'd his eyes
 With rapture on a distant prize,
 On which in Letters worthy note,
 There, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, was wrote.
 False trap, for Credit sapp'd is found
 By getting twenty thousand pound ;
 Nay, look not thus on Me, and stare,
 Doubting the Certainty — to swear
 In such a case I should be loth —
 But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd,
 With the prim Quaker, FRAUD, came TRADE ;
 CONNIVANCE, to improve the plan,
 Habited like a *Jury-man*,
 Judging as Interest prevails,
 Came next with measures, weights, and scales ;
 EXTORTION next, of hellish race,
 A Cub most damn'd, to shew his face
 Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
 Turn'd to a *Jew*, like — came ;
 CORRUPTION, MIDAS-like, behold
 Turning whate'er She touch'd to gold,

IMPOTENCE

IMPOTENCE led by LUST, and PRIDE
Strutting with PONTON by her side,
HYPOCRISY, demure and sad,
In garments of the Priesthood clad,
So well disguis'd, that You might swear,
Deceiv'd, a very Priest was there;
BANKRUPTCY, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in *well-sav'd* wealth,
Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B—— in her hand;
VICTORY, hanging down her head,
Was by a highland Stallion led;
PEACE, cloath'd in fables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of Herself and of her Name,
Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels
WAR, grim WAR treading on her heels;
Pale CREDIT, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for PITT.

FREEDOM

FREEDOM—at that most hallow'd name
My Spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am FREEDOM's Son—
FREEDOM came next, but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene
And gay before, was overcast;
Horror bestrode a *foreign* blast,
And from the *prison* of the *North*,
To FREEDOM deadly, Storms burst forth.

A *Car* like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild Forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with Death, six Horses bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
From their wide Nostrils; ev'ry Steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell GERYON nurs'd; their food
The flesh of Man, their drink his blood.

On

On the first Horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, *That* lean and bare,
 Came ill-match'd Riders side by side,
 And POVERTY was yolk'd with PRIDE:
 Union most strange it must appear,
 Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
 With rage, which words can ill express,
 With unforgiving rage, which springs
 From a false zeal for holy things,
 Wearing such robes as Prophets wear,
 False Prophets plac'd in PETER's chair,
 On which, in Characters of fire,
 Shapes Antic, horrible and dire,
 Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
 In groups appear'd a rabble crew
 Of Sainted Devils, where all round
 Vile *Reliques* of vile men were found,
 Who, worse than Devils, from the birth
 Perform'd the work of Hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
 Pointing at *axes, wheels, and ropes,*

F f f

And

And *Engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer, Man,
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to use,
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of Our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth PEACE, *amongst men*, GOOD WILL,
LOVE *bearing*, and *forbearing* still,
All wrote in the *bearts-blood* of those
Who rather Death than Falshood chose;
On her breast (where, in days of Yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the HIGH-PRIEST wore
Those Oracles, which were decreed
T'instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having, with glory clad and strength,
The VIRGIN pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilst at her feet, in *small* pourtray'd,
As scarce worth notice, CHRIST was laid,
Came SUPERSTITION, fierce and fell,
An Imp detested, e'en in hell;

Her

Her Eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
 Fouly befmeared with human gore,
 O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* She rode;
 Fast at her heels DEATH proudly strode,
 And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see
 Such havock of mortality.
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,
 And urging on each bad intent
 To its full bearing, Savage, Wild,
 The Mother fit of such a child,
 Striving the empire to advance
 Of Sin and Death, came IGNORANCE.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
 And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride disgrac'd,
 Where, loudly witnessing a mind
 Of savage more than human kind,
 Not chusing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
 Mocking at right, MISRULE appear'd,
 With Eyeballs glaring fiery red
 Enough to strike beholders dead,
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
 Pouring corruption forth and blood

From

From his chaf'd jaws ; without remorse
 Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
 Whose fides, in their own blood embay'd,
 E'en to the bone were open laid,
 Came TYRANNY ; disdaining awe,
 And trampling over *Sense* and *Law*.
 One thing and only one He knew,
 One object only would pursue,
 Tho' Lefs (so low doth Passion bring)
 Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art,
 Which might corrupt the head and heart,
 Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
 Companion meet, was FLATT'RY join'd.
 Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
 Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook ;
 When simple most, most to be fear'd ;
 Most crafty, when no craft appear'd ;
 His tales, no man like him could tell ;
 His words, which melted as they fell,
 Might e'en a Hypocrite deceive,
 And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly

Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
 Those who had cheated been before :
 Such FLATT'RY came in evil hour,
 Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
 And, grown by *Prostitution* great,
 Would be first Minister of State.

Within the Chariot, all alone,
 High seated on a kind of throne,
 With pebbles grac'd, a Figure came,
 Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
 Hard times when Justice, without fear,
 Dare not bring forth to public ear
 The names of those, who dare offend
 'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end ;
 But, if the Muse afford me grace,
 Description shall supply the place.

In *foreign* garments he was clad,
 Sage Ermine o'er the glossy *Plaid*
 Cast rev'rend honour, on his heart,
 Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
 In silver wrought, and brighter far
 Than heav'nly or than earthly Star,

G g g

Shone

Shone a *White Rose*, the Emblem dear
Of him He ever must revere,
Of that dread Lord, who, with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black Spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *Bonnet*, most superbly grac'd
With mighty *Thistles*, nor forgot
The sacred motto, *Touch me not*.

In the right-hand a sword He bore
Harder than Adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless Innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As Lambs before the Shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when FREEDOM reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In

In his left-hand, in wax imprest,
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An *Image*, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kifs,
And, for Rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the ANTITYPE.
What if to that *Pretender's* foes
His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to JAMES he still remains,
Tho' he the friend of GEORGE appear:
Diffimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and Mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,
Unless *out-bullied* by his *friend*;
Brave with the Coward, with the brave
He is himself a Coward slave;

Aw'd

Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
 To take a great and open part;
 Mines in a subtle train he springs,
 And, secret, saps the ears of Kings;
 But not e'en there continues firm
 'Gainst the resistance of a worm;
 Born in a Country, *where the will*
Of One is Law to all, he still
 Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
 To spread it wheresoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
 The Prostitute of Pow'r and Pride;
Law he with ease explains away,
 And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;
 Much to the credit of his brain
 Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
 Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
 And, where he can't convince, confounds;
 Talents of rarest stamp and size,
 To Nature false, he misapplies,
 And turns to poison what was sent
 For purposes of nourishment.

Palenest,

Paleness, not such as on his wings
 The Messenger of Sicknefs brings,
 But such as takes its coward rise
 From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
 O'erspread his cheeks; *Disdain* and *Pride*,
 To upstart Fortunes ever tied,
 Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
 Infidious, lurking like a spy
 To Caution principled by Fear,
 Not daring open to appear,
 Lodg'd covert *Mischief*; *Passion* hung
 On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breast
 All that makes Villain found a nest,
 All that, on hell's completest plan,
 E're join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He rose,
 And with a look which might have froze
 The heart's best blood, which was enough
 Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
 In Cities than elsewhere, to make
 The very stoutest quail, and quake,

H h h

He

He cast his baleful eyes around ;
 Fix'd without motion to the ground,
 Fear waiting on surprize, All stood,
 And Horror chill'd their curdled blood.
 No more they thought of *Pomp*, no more
 (For they had seen his face before)
 Of *Law* they thought ; the cause forgot,
 Whether it was or Ghost, or Plot,
 Which drew them there, They All stood more
 Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done ? Could Art, could Force,
 Or Both direct a proper course
 To make this savage Monster tame,
 Or send him back the way he came ?
 What neither Art, nor Force, nor Both
 Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
 A *Lord* to that base wretch allied
 In Country, not in Vice and Pride,
 Effected ; from the self-same land,
 (Bad news for our blaspheming band
 Of Scribblers, but deserving note)
 The Poison came, and Antidote.

Abash'd

Abash'd the Monster hung his head,
And, like an empty Vision, fled ;
His Train, like Virgin Snows which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy Sun,
To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in Air ;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe ;
LOYALTY, LIBERTY, and LAW,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And Yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign ;
And, burning with the glorious flame
Of Public Virtue, MANSFIELD came.

F I N I S.

